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Mrs. Goose

HER BOOK

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Mrs. Goose

Her Book

Maurice Switzer

Perpetrator

August W. Hutaf

Illustrator

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Foreword

Despite the fact that the title is suggestive of the nursery, this is not a piece of juvenile literature; tho the perpetrator admits having written it for a kid. Aside from that there may be no reason for the book, but you may find some reason in it.

669313

To the little microbe, Mirth;
May he continue to tickle us
And multiply enormously

Here comes a poor woman from Baby-land

HERE comes a poor woman from
Baby-land,
With five small children on her
hand.

If she hadn't been poor, it's twenty to one,
Instead of five children she would have had
none.

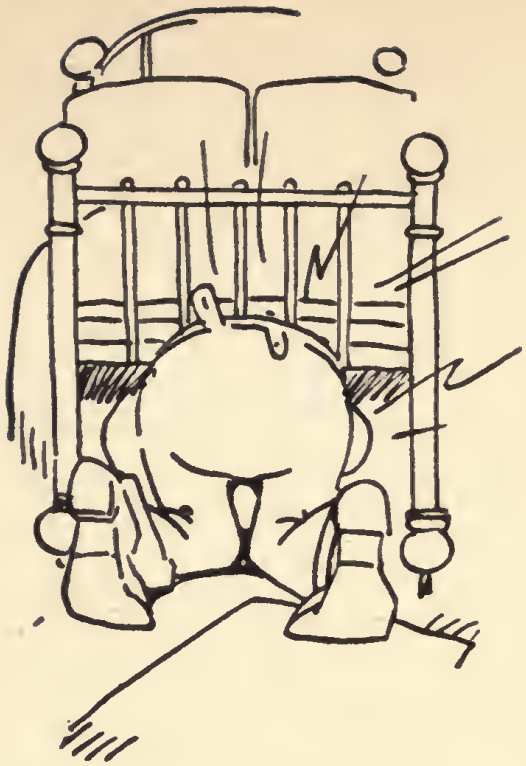
Riches profiteth not in the day of judgment,
but it helpeth mightily in the meantime.

SLEEP, saw; sleep, saw;
Johnny now has a new master.
He'd be earning more pay
Than two dollars per day,
But the union won't let him work faster.

Give a play a bad name and there'll be standing room only

THERE was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice, gruel and sago,
'Till he tried married life;
Then he lived on his wife,
And the change gave him gout and lumbago.

There is a difference between reasons that
sound good and good sound reasons



A DILLER, a dollar,
Another soiled collar,
The button's rolled under the bed.
Is the gentleman mad?
No, indeed! He's so glad,
That for joy he's 'most out of his head.

A soft answer encourageth another touch

CROSS Patch,
He did hatch
A new combination in tin.
He watered the stock
And unloaded a block
On the neighbors he kindly let in

A fool and his opinions are soon parted

There was a crooked man and he had a crooked nose

THERE was a crooked man and he
had a crooked nose;

He went to a hotel one day,—and
what do you suppose?

Before the man had registered, he asked the
clerk the rate;

"Regular price is five," said he, "for you
we'll make it eight."

And then this crooked man who had the
crooked nose,

This name wrote in the register: "Harold
G. Montrose."

"Good gracious!" gasped the clerk, "a
grave mistake I own;

"The rate is five; I'll make it four—I
thought your name was Cohen."

Be sure you're right; then go ahead and find
out you're too late

HEY diddle, diddle, Maria does fiddle,
Recite, play piano and dance;
But her husband Peleg
Must resort to a peg,
To connect his suspenders and pants.

All the world's a stage; and a lot of people are riding on it who ought to be put off for beating their way

THERE was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one summer's day;
He was rich, mighty and great,
And just travelling in state,
When some wretch took his hookah away.

A chip in your stack is worth two in the pot

I KNEW a little pony, they called him
Dapple Grey;

I bet on him at one to three down at
Sheepshead Bay.

"He'll just walk in" was tipped to me, by
a horse-wise man.

The man was right; the horse just walked—
all the others ran.

Never look a gift horse in the mouth; but it
won't do any harm to examine into
the motives of the giver

LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
You're the slowest chauffeur that ever was born!

There's a kid on the crossing; an old woman, too.

Throw her wide open and send her right through.

Don't get excited; take a deep breath;

If you can't hit 'em both, why scare 'em to death.

Better a milk-wagon and one horse, than a stalled automobile and two search-lights therewith

Old Mother Hubbard

OLD Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
For a night-cap of courage-restorer.

But when she got there, the cupboard was bare;

Father Hubbard had been there before her.

You never miss the whiskey till the town goes dry

TO market, to market, a gallop, a trot,
To buy some meat to put in the pot.
Army beef, at ten dollars a side;
It never was killed—just naturally died.

God never sendeth mouth but He sendeth meat; and that man shall not overeat, He sendeth the Meat Trust

OLD King Coal
Is a precious old soul;
In winter, ten per ton is his price.
But when summer is nigh
He's a cheap old guy,
And the high-priced king is—ICE!

Conscience oft makes a philanthropist out of a capitalist

JACK and Gill went up the hill,
In a coal-oil buggy.
Said Gill: "Say, Jack, this beats a hack—
Come on, let's get huggy."

Said Jack: "Of course; this beats a horse."
And then he thought to please her,
So slipped his arm about her waist
And tightly did he squeeze her.

Cried Jack to Gill: "Ye Gods; sit still!
The brake and clutch are slipping."
Then down they flew for a mile or two
At a pace just fairly ripping.

And they came back within a hack,
The auto chained behind it.
Said Jack: "I say, that thing's O. K.,
But it takes two hands to mind it."

One Summer's day, down Avenue A

ONE Summer's day, down Avenue A
Came Mary Elizabeth Carter.
She dropped her belt; think how
she felt,
When a chump said: "Miss, here's your
garter."

It is better to remain silent at the risk of being thought a fool, than to talk and remove all doubt of it

THERE was a man in our church, as deaf as he was wise;

He jumped into a briar bush and scratched out both his eyes.

As he could neither see nor hear, he lost his job as lector,

But seven corporations, each elected him director.

Better a live politician with a large income
than a dead statesman with a
large monument

THERE was an old woman lived
under a hill,

Where she conducted an illicit
still.

She was the old woman who never told
lies;

Baked apples she sold (till the sheriff got
wise).

A lie never lives to be old; but there is no
limit to the life of a liar

THE Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
And set them on a chair.
The Knave of Hearts sat on those tarts,
And ruined one new pair.
The King of Hearts called for the tarts—
He'd just slept off a spree;
Said the Knave of Hearts to the King of Hearts,
"Sire, have one on me!"

A full-hand frequently taketh in a mighty small pot

JACK Spratt, rented a flat,
Furnished in excellent taste.
Grabbed at the chance, paid in advance;
Lessor departed in haste.

Got home next night, turned on the light—
Apartment as bare as a bone;
Dirty, mean trick; bought a gold brick;
Installment man called for his own.

Fools rush in where angels fear to wed

Doctor Foster went to Gloster

DOCTOR Foster went to Gloster,
And met with a terrible spill.
He ruined his hat, but cared
nothing for that—
Just added it on to the bill.

There's a sucker born every minute; also
two sucker-catchers

BARBER, barber, shave a pig;
That's what they do at Armour's.
And some from there
Have cut my hair—
Or, maybe they were farmers.

A setting hen never grows fat; but it's the fat hen that usually gets the ax

THERE was an old woman who
lived in a shoe.
She had so many children, she
didn't know what to do
Had they been dogs, or possibly cats,
She could have rented hundreds of flats.

You can educate a dog, but you can't
change his breed

TO market, to market,
To buy a fine bun;
If you want it real soon,
Better try a saloon.

Out of money out of mind

WHEN Jackie was a little boy,
He had but little wit.
But Harold was the teacher's pride,
And always made the hit.

Now Jack, the dullard, owns a store,
Is opulent and sleek;
And Harold is floor-walker there,
At fifteen bucks per week!

Never king dropped out of the clouds; but many's the one that's been slipped from the bottom of the deck

Rub-a-dub-dub, a man in a tub

RUB-A-DUB-DUB, a man in a tub
At Hotel DeLangtry McGrath.
Ten dollars a day they're making
him pay
For a room and nearly a bath.

Charity covers a multitude of skins

LITTLE Bo Peep, lost her sheep,
Which certainly was careless.
Let them alone and they'll come home—
Tho' maybe they'll be hairless.

Speech is the mirror of the soul; but not the stump-speech

MRS. SOL GRUNDY,
Hired on Monday,
Mary Ann Johnson as cook.
Mary quit Tuesday,
Therefore on Wednesday,
Maggie McGinnis she took.
Thursday had Nora;
Friday got Flora;
'Till Saturday noon had Estelle.
Mrs. Sol Grundy
Packed up on Sunday,
And moved to a family hotel.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it gets to be a pretty smooth article

LITTLE Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,
Sipping her Wilson High-ball.
She next put inside her a quart of hard cider,
And then saw the spider—that's all.

Three generations of thrift make one spend-thrift

TOM, Tom, the piper's son.
Learned to play when he was young.
Played with skill at his sixth year:
Folks predicted great career.

Tommy was to Berlin sent;
To Paris and Vienna went.
Studied methods old and new.
Came back home at twenty-two.

Thomas, now, is called "Perfess."
Still the people missed their guess.
Only place he made his mark
Was at breezy Luna Park.

Dressed in bloomers, roomy, red,
Jaunty fez upon his head.
Up above the "barker's" stand
Piping in the Turkish band.

Little Jack Horner

LITTLE Jack Horner
Stood on the corner
Giving the girls the glad eye.
But the "Pride of Bryn Mawr"
Landed twice on his jawr,
Then murmured in Latin, "bye-bye."

To err is human; to acknowledge it divine

WHAT is a Johnnie boy made of?
What is a Johnnie boy made of?
Dress suit, shirt and collar,
Opera hat and one dollar;
That's what a Johnnie boy's made of.

A good actor is not necessarily one whose actions are good

SEE Saw, Sacra Down;

Which is the way through Boston town?

Nobody knows, and nobody cares;

The streets are all circles — they haven't got squares.

There are signs on the corners and cops on their beats;

But even the cabmen get lost in the streets.

A clear conscience is a sure card; except in a poker game

LITTLE Jack Jingle,
He used to live single,
'Till he got out of a job.
Then he married Mag Pringle,
Who'd plenty to jingle;
Well—he wasn't so much of a lob.

In the house of the righteous is much treasure; but it is not as a rule negotiable

SING a song of six-pence, a skin chock full of rye.

Four and twenty college chaps whooping things up high.

A copper tried to quiet them; they said to him, "Oh, fudge!"

Wasn't that a lovely bunch he hauled before the Judge?

The Judge, who was from Harvard, was looking mighty blue;

The Clerk was from Columbia—class of '82.

The bunch was up against it—every man from Yale—

Down came the gavel and two dozen went to jail.

The crown of the wise is their riches; but the pawnbroker lendeth mighty little thereon

Dickory, Dickory, Dock

DICKORY, Dickory, Dock,
Claude hadn't noticed the clock.
The clock it struck two,
And Mildred's pa's shoe
Sent Claude twenty feet down the block.

A bow too tensely strung is easily broken;
and a beau too frequently stung
is apt to get next

THERE was a young woman, her name
it was Peg;
She was all right, but she wore a pine
leg.
When Algy found out he was dealing in
lumber,
He changed his address and his telephone
number.

It's a rare girl that blows no fellow good if
she gets the chance

THERE was a jolly miller, lived on the River Dee.

Once on a ship, in a euchre game, in innocence sat he.

They dealt him four large aces, when someone winked and said:

"Too bad it's euchre; wish it were a poker game instead."

Then up spoke Mr. Miller, from on the River Dee:

"You're on, young man; that proposition suits me to a T."

They bet for half an hour, 'till the miller said "I'll call."

"Oh, 'tisn't much," the other said; "a small straight flush – that's all."

And still there dwells a miller on the River Dee;

Though not so jolly since his folly, a wiser miller's he.

Experience keeps the best school; but it turns out mighty few graduates

BOBBY Shaftoe went to sea,
And leaning o'er the rail,
Bobby viewed the restless waves
'Till he grew mighty pale.
Bobby Shaftoe, people said,
Was a stingy proposition;
But he gave upon that trip
With the freest disposition.

He that loveth oil shall not be rich; unless it be Standard Oil

THERE was a little man and he had
a little gun,
And his bullets were made out of
lead, lead, lead.

The second shot he tried
He neatly winged the guide,
Who was certainly annoyed, from what he
said, said, said!

Prosperity makes friends, and adversity
makes acquaintances of them

Needles and Pins

NEEDLES and pins,
When you have twins,
Your trouble
Comes double
And worry begins!

Don't borrow trouble—borrow money and trouble will come of its own accord

MARY had a Persian lamb,
It's fleece was black as night.
It surely proved a nuisance
To the neighborhood, all right.

The animal referred to,
Was made into a jacket,
And so, perhaps, you'll wonder
How it stirred up such a racket.

The lamb itself was innocent;
The thing that proved distressing
Was how Mary could afford it!
That kept the village guessing.

THERE was a conductor who ran
on Broadway;
The pay he received was a two-
spot per day.
But he kept all he got, and got all he could,
Plugged right along and just simply sawed
wood.
He was frugal and thrifty and tended to biz—
A mighty good business, this business of his—
To prove that it was, about two weeks ago,
He bought a building down in Park Row.
Say never a word! I can guess what you
think.
Sure; he gave the road the hinkey, dink-dink.
If twenty got on he would register eight;
When the comp'ny "got on" he was out of
the state.

Time is money; therefore, he who steals
money does time; but not always
in due proportion

HUMPTY Dumpty went to the wall;
Humpty dumped his creditors, all.
He gave them the laugh and made them consent
To settle in full for eleven per cent.

Robin and Richard are two pretty men;
They lay in bed 'till the clock struck ten.
Their position was one of enforced repose,
As the house-girl was pressing their only clothes.

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman,
Going to the fair.
Of the pieman, Simple Simon
Purchased an eclair.
From a waiter, bought he later,
Shrimp-pink lemonade;
Next, a nickel's worth of pickles
Simple Sim. essayed.

Now if Simon meets a pieman,
He'll make no mistake;
For he's flitting where they're splitting
Only angel cake.

Every way of man is right in his own eyes;
but his wife vieweth the matter
differently

CLAP hands, clap hands, 'till papa comes home;

For papa has money and mamma has none.

But mother in season her harvest will reap;

She'll go thro' his trousers when father's asleep.

One touch of nature makes the whole world sin.

HARK! Hark! the dogs do bark!
There's somebody down in the hall
He trips on a chair.
Gosh! hear him swear!
As a couple of vases fall.

Bang! Smash! Another crash!
Now he is singing "Dear Heart."
Oh, then it is clear
That father, dear,
Has slipped off the water cart.

When money talks it's apt to use bad grammar

LITTLE Tee Wee
Went fishing at sea,
About five a. m. in a dory.
He drank all the bait,
And by half-past eight,
A squall put an end to the story.

The early bird catches the worm; but it's the early bird that is always served with the early peas

Alphabet
of
High Finance

Alphabet of High Finance

A is for Alchemist; scientist, old,
Who sought to convert baser stuff into gold.

B is for Banker who found out the way,
Went into business and made the game pay.

C is Collateral put up for a loan;
Your personal card is enough if you're known.

D is for Dummy whose name is O. K.
He sits on the board but has nothing to say.

E the Exchange where the Bear and the Bull,
Arrange for an equal division of wool.

F is Finance: The delicate skill
Of deftly tapping the dear Public's till.

G is for Graft, a legitimate tax
Which the poor Politician sometimes exacts.

H is for Hold-up, Congressional style;
Has the crude Western method beaten a mile.

I is Insurance; a sort of gold brick
Palmed off by an agent, with promises thick.

J is for Joke, which the policy holder
Learns to appreciate as he grows older.

K is for Kidd, the old, bold buccaneer;
To-day he'd be merely a high financier.

L is for Lemons and also for Limes,
Handed the lambs at appropriate times.

M's for Monopolies; we denounce them with force;
Until we get in one—then it's different, of course.

N is for Notes: good, quick assets like cash:
Until the examiner finds they are trash.

O's for Officer; say, for instance, Cashier:
He's a poor one who can't swipe a million a year.

P is for Public; it's the Public that pays:
The unknowing Public that gets it both ways.

Q is a Question that's asked every day:
Will the Public get next? The answer seems, nay!

R is for Railroads with freight rates increased,
And rebates for those who need them the least.

S is for Senator, Boss of Machine;
He starts it or stops it for so much long green.

T is for Ticker recording in fractions,
Maybe legitimate market transactions.

U is Unload on the strength of bad news:
"The Sultan, it seems, has a fit of the blues!"

V is for Five. It's five hundred to one,
If you'll stick to the game you'll surely be done.

W is for Water that's mixed with the stocks,
And fed to investors in large, juicy blocks.

X is Ten dollars per share which you pay;
When you're ready to sell you can't give it away.

Y is for Yap who came out of the West,
With bundles of money he wished to invest

Z is for Zero; net worth of same chump
Who was foolish enough to get caught in a slump.

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